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IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK!

All year long you've been promising yourself to go there. Now the semester is nearly over and you still haven't set foot in the place. Shante on you!

But it's not too late. Right now, this very minute, before you weaken, lift up your head and forward march to the place you have been avoiding ever since school began. I refer, of course, to the library.

Now here you are at the library. That wasn't so bad, was it? Of course not! Go inside. What do you see? A sign that says "NO SMOKING." Go outside. Light a Marlboro. Smoke. Go back inside.

Because now you are ready. Now your trembling resolution is rigid. Now your pulsing psyche is serene. You have been calmed by mild Marlboro. You have been soothed by that fine nicotine filter, by that fine full flavor that dots and pampers and nummes, that lifts the fallen, repairs the shattered, straightens the bent, uncoils the knotted, rights the skewed, and fastens the unlatched.

In the center of the library you see the main circulation desk. Look in the card catalogue for the number of the book you want, write the number on a slip, and hand it to the efficient and obliging young lady at the desk. The efficient and obliging young lady then gives the slip to an efficient and obliging page boy who trots briskly back into the stacks, curls up on a limp leather eyegoggles, and sleeps for an hour or two. Then, puffily but refreshed, he returns your slip to the efficient and obliging young lady at the desk, who tells you one of three things: a) "Your book is out," b) "Your book is at the bindery," c) "Your book is on reserve."

Having learned that the circulation desk hasn't the least intention of ever parting with a book, let us now go into the periodical room. Here we spend hours sitting through an imposing array of magazines—magazines from all the far corners of the earth, magazines of every nature and description—but though we search

diligently and well, we cannot find *Mad at Playboy*.

Next let us venture into the reference room. Here in this hushed, vaulted chamber, we find the true scholars of the university—earnest, dedicated young men and women who care for only one thing in the world: the pursuit of knowledge.

Let us eavesdrop for a moment on this erudite couple poring over heavy tomes at the corner table. Hush! She speaks:

SHE: What's he readin', hey?

HE: The Origin of Species. You ever read it?

SHE: No, but I seen the movie.

HE: Oh.

SHE: You like readin'?

HE: Nah.

SHE: What do you like?

HE: Hockey, horses, girls, stuff like that.

SHE: Me too, hey.

HE: You jinned or anything?



SHE: Well, sort of. I'm wearin' a fellow's motorcycle emblem... But it's only plastic.

HE: Wanna go out for a smoke?

SHE: Marlboro?

HE: What else?

And as our learned friends take their leave, let us too wend our way homeward—a trifle weary, perhaps, but enlightened and renewed and better citizens for having spent those happy hours in the library. Aloha, library, aloha!

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The makers of Marlboro, who sponsor this column, could write volumes about another one of their fine products—the unfiltered king-size Philip Morris Commander—but we'll only tell you this: Take a leaf from our book. Enjoy a Commander today.



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